

The Poet's Corner.

WHITIER'S NEW POEM.

THE FREELINE TO "THE KING'S MUSEUM AND OTHER FORMS."

"I spread a piano board at late;
The old piano stood no room I waltz
Came few and slow, mistakes, to-day.
Ah! could hear my messages
Across the slim unsounded seas
On which so many have sailed away!

"Come then, old friends, who linger yet,
And meet us here; we low, low sunshines;
And joyous hearts, for the good old known,
The rights asserted, the ill-conquer'd,
Shake hands upon the border line.

"The favor, asked too often,
From your indulgent ears, once more
I crave, and, if delayed
To slower, feebler, measures move,
The silent sympathy of love.

"To me, O younger friends, for whom
My health and heart keep open room,
Come smiling through the shadowed long,
Be with me while the sun goes down,
And with your cheerful voices drown.

The minor of my even-song.

"For equal through the day and night,
The King's Museum, and other forms
Are low, and power and righteous wills
Remain the law of destiny.
The best of each and all must be."

And his promise shall suffice."

Ladies' Department.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

THE STORY OF HERTHA EROLL'S LIFE.

As the world—or rather that fraction of the world whose cognizance it ever reached—knew it, it was plumb enough, born to fair fortune, shadowless childhood, youth forced into maturity by the shock of sharp reverses, and death by the hand of a hooded agent in tender worshipful ministration to the infirm father who was selfish, as the saying was, beyond measure. The invitations usually included glad of, you may be sure, was unfingered glad of them for her sake, and Mrs. Raymond was never a guest in the home of Hill, nor was there was any pet study, human nature, so fairly pursued as under her auspices. Judge Hill and Col. Talbot were often with us, Mrs. Raymond had made a contract to marry off those old maidas at the institute. But Miss Eroll, though a model of strict conduct, most quietly ignored their special protection.

Between Mrs. Raymond and her guest there was a curious similarity of nature, save it was that the former was a little more enlightened, self-satisfied, while the latter altogether lacked. Philanthropy, benevolence, humanity in the large collective sense, Hertha Eroll never thought of, nor did she ever dream that such life as her own could be possible, and she was a mere shadow over the Hiltown Institute, where I have been a teacher time out of mind.

Knowing, or half-known, all this in a very uncertain way, Hilltown was prepared for, in a general way, a coming figure, all angles; as to manner, all odd quirks and rustic stiffness of her graceful, slender, and well-made body, he had no inkling whatever, and, though having a trick of special attention to the details of the institute, there was no little amusement to how "Miss Rusty-Cuss" would enter with her own personal bestowal.

So the real Hertha Eroll was to us an immense surprise. Little, supine, graceful, with no tinge of eccentricity, and a marble-like face, she was a picture of beauty, wonder the Broad street congregation scanned her almost as critically upon first appearance as it did the new minister, or the young teacher from over the water "parl" about whom, from the day of his wife's funeral, the belles of three towns had hopefully hovered—was that time, however, a widow, and, as such, either, Colonel Talbot, of Talbotton, the new factory town across the river, seeing her pass the street, never rested until he had composed a sonnet to her, trying to make up for all the loss of musical supremacy, which years had been undisputed. She was certain that the woman would be just the right addition to the upper classes." But, sooth to tell, Miss Eroll went her way, as unconcerned as the "upper classes" had no shadow of existence.

She was rather undemonstrative, not given to intimacies, and, mirage among women, always a little aloof; but a quiet talk with her, well, but never of herself, what the thing did not know, she was quite content it should guess. Her good humor was fairly imperturbable. Miss Flourey's savage speeches never provoked a retort disconcerting.

"Why don't you wonder at their infatuation?" I cried one day, over a particularly unkinded of speech, "You could wish her in!"

Miss Eroll looked up from the pencil she was writing, and, with a smile, her eyes in her earnest concern. "This is the last of my head with her crayon: 'Can't you realize that there's nothing in life worth a fuss?'"

"I am, but he and his half-sister are involved," said, laughing.

"I wish Judge Hill was in within," said the girl, looking over the drawing she was returning. "He is the best artist, and I feel that something emotional catalyst could have burst beyond resurrection the ardor and exquisitely susceptible temper of the artist. She had not always been thus slow to watch, and unmoved by devotion, those drawings, with their soft, delicate, and, now and again, curving into smile or scorn, absolutely precise. From the first she had been to me a fascinating study; yet, spite the months that followed, I could not get him to paint a good portrait, and her fingers trembled, despite their close interlocking. With infinite effort, she said with a little ripple of laughter, "Don't let my foolishness, I am afraid, make you dream of me as a ghostly owl bird, flapping about in the dark."

"Poor Judge Hill," I said. "To my thinking the cruellest thing in life is the thirsting of such childlike possibilities at the expense of the artist's own."

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